

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 264

32p



## BANISHED FROM BABALON



We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need *your* help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

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The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

**Name** ..... **Age** .....

**Address** .....

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy?

Please tick

appropriate boxes.

If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

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**AND DRAGONS** ☐ **SORCERY**  
**POST** ☐ **HORROR**  
**HOLOCAUST** ☐ **STAR WARS**  
**ADVENTURE** ☐ **DR. WHO**  
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Where do you normally buy your STARBLAZER? \_\_\_\_\_

Which is your favourite STARBLAZER story? \_\_\_\_\_

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Have you any comments to make about STARBLAZER... good or bad? \_\_\_\_\_

# BANISHED FROM BABALON



THE OUTWORLD CHRONICLES . . . BABALON, FOLLOWING THE SO-CALLED DRIFTER RISING, RESUMED FEUDAL STATUS. STABILITY IN ITS AGRICULTURE-BASED SOCIETY MAINTAINED BY OLD CUSTOM. THE PEASANTRY DEALING WITH PRODUCE WHILE THE NOBILITY OVERSAW THE OCCASIONAL WARS AND KEPT THEIR OWN NUMBERS IN CHECK BY PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS CONDUCTED UNDER A STRICT CODE OF CHIVALRY.





LADY CINNIBAR, YOU MAY  
SLAY ME YET I'LL NEVER YIELD.

NOBLY SAID, BUT PERHAPS WE  
SHOULD TALK WITH YOUR  
FATHER BEFORE I DISEMBOWEL  
YOU.

TERMS, LORD VLECH. ONE OF  
YOUR SMALLER ESTATES FOR  
THE LIFE OF YOUR SON.



A REASONABLE OFFER, LADY.  
WHAT SAY WE BREAK OFF  
NOW FOR REFRESHMENT?



CINNIBAR AND HER BROTHER RULF HAD BEEN MATCHED AGAINST LORD VLECH AND HIS SON ...

I DO MY BEST, LITTLE RULF.

AHA ... MEAT AND TWO VEG ... SUCH HOSPITALITY.



THIS IS OUR THIRD ENCOUNTER SINCE THE DUTY PASSED TO ME TO DO BATTLE AFTER SOME RELATIVE OF YOURS OFFENDED SOME RELATIVE OF MINE.

A FINE OLD FEUD WHICH WE HAVE KEPT UP. IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FASHIONABLE LENGTH OF SIDE-WHISKERS.

SOME PEASANTS CRAVED AN AUDIENCE ...

GREAT LORD, THINGS HAVE BEEN A BIT QUIET IN THE VILLAGE OF LATE AND WE WONDERED IF YOU WOULD ALLOW US TO WATCH THE BATTLE.

BUT CERTAINLY, MY GOOD PEASANT. YOU MAY EVEN CALL A PUBLIC HOLIDAY SO LONG AS YOU MAKE UP FOR IT THE REST OF THE WEEK.

COMBAT WAS  
RESUMED.

ONE TO ONE — MYSELF  
AGAINST LITTLE RULF.  
YOU ARE MOST  
GENEROUS, LADY  
CINNIBAR.

I MERELY TRY TO KEEP UP  
THE OLD STANDARDS, MY  
LORD.

HEAR MY AXE SING!





BUT A LOUD ROAR AND BRIGHT LIGHT  
STOPPED THE CONTEST.

EHI WHAT?





THE ROYAL SPACECRAFT APPEARED—

BE ATTENTIVE!

THE WULFRAL!  
I AM HONOURED.



THE WULFRAL — OVERLORD OF BABALON.

MY NOBLES, I AM ANGRY. HOW DARE YOU ENGAGE IN DEADLY COMBAT IN DEFIANCE OF MY ORDER!

ORDER, LORD? NATURALLY WE ASSUMED YOU WERE JOKING.

VLECH, YOU WILL FIND I AM MOST SERIOUS IN MY INTENT TO BANISH SUCH BARBARIC CUSTOMS AND BRING BABALON INTO THE PRESENT CENTURY. BID YOU SWEAR NEVER AGAIN TO SO ENGAGE.

LORD, YOU ARE THE WULFRAL AND LOYALTY COMPELS MY OBEDIENCE. IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN, BUT I SO SWEAR.

NOW I WOULD HEAR THE SAME FROM THE LADY CINNIBAR AND HER BROTHER.

COUSIN, WHY SHOULD I BREAK CUSTOM ON YOUR WHIM? LITTLE RULF AND I WILL MAKE NO SUCH STUPID PLEDGE.









WE KEEP  
OUR WEAPONS!

OF COURSE, DEAR LADY.  
SORRY ABOUT THIS. HE'S  
BEEN ACTING ODDLY SINCE  
HE TOOK TO WATCHING  
CULTURAL VIDEOS FROM  
THAT NEWEARTH PLANET.

TRANSMISSION TO ALL  
FIRST FAMILIES. A  
MATTER OF HIGH  
TREASON REQUIRES  
YOU ALL IN GRAND  
COUNCIL THREE DAYS  
FROM NOW.

THE PRISONERS WERE FLOWN TO BAZWUN,  
STRONGHOLD OF THE WULFRAL.

REBUILDING GOES WELL, LITTLE  
BROTHER. ONLY A YEAR AGO IT  
WAS A MOUNTAIN OF RUBBLE  
AFTER THE TAKE-OFF OF THE OLD  
MIGRATION SHIP OVER WHICH IT  
HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED.

AH YES, I REMEMBER —  
WHEN COUSIN VIVANNA FLED  
AFTER HER PART IN THAT  
AGREEABLE LITTLE WAR  
WITH THE DRIFTER BAND.



AH YES! VIVANNA! SO  
BEAUTIFUL, SUCH  
ELEGANCE — THE  
TREACHEROUS CAT.

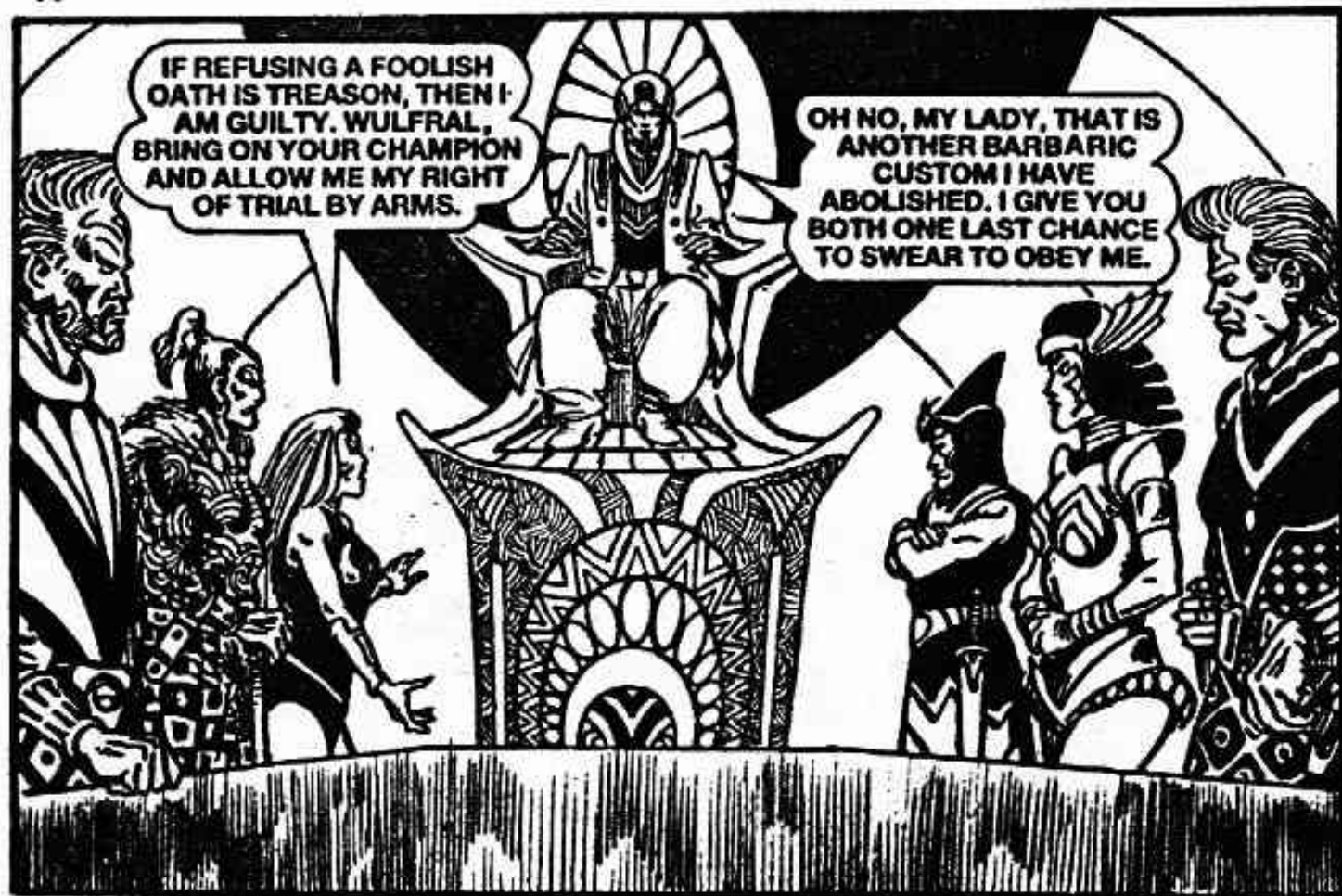




WARRIORS OF THE FIRST FAMILIES CAME TO BAZWUN.

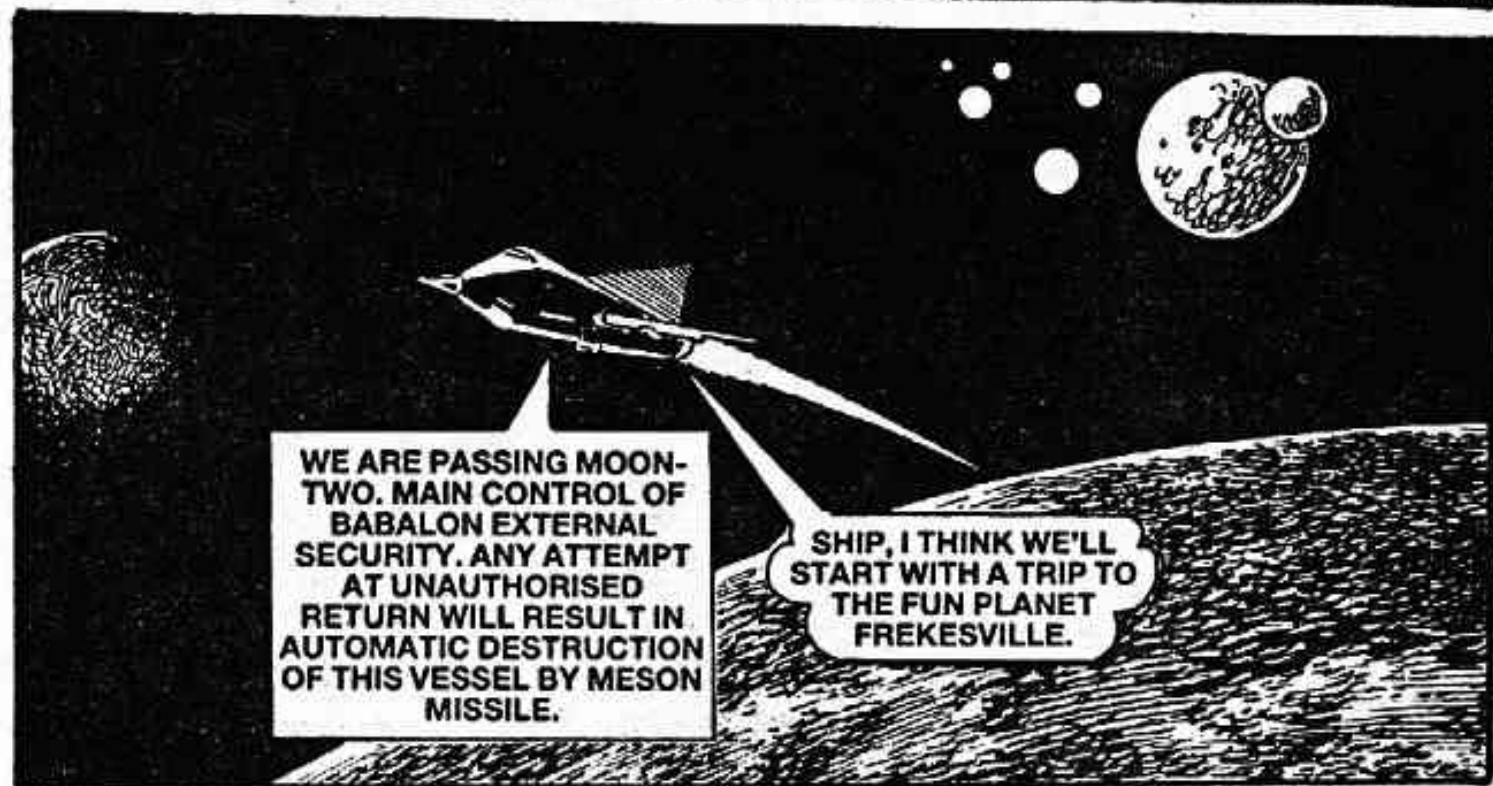
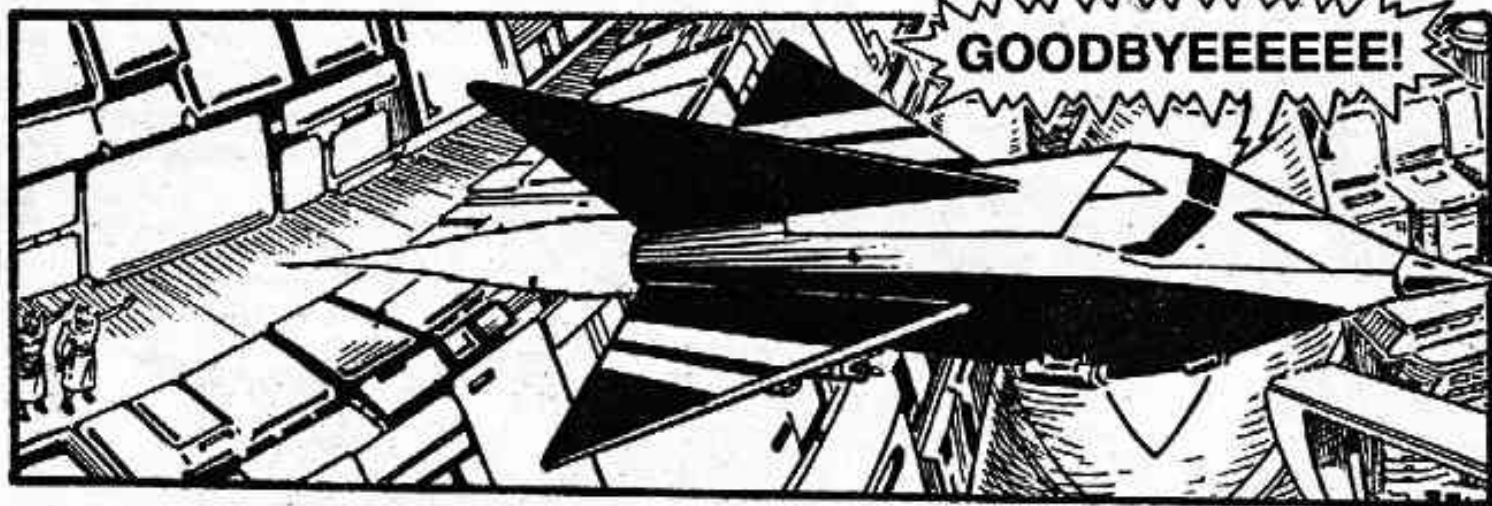

















NOT POSSIBLE. I AM  
UNDER FIRM  
INSTRUCTION AS TO  
THE DESTINATION OF  
THIS VOYAGE.



LISTEN, YOU IMPUDENT  
ELECTRONIC THINKBOX,  
IT'S ME WHO TELLS YOU  
WHERE WE ARE GOING.

NOT IN THIS  
INSTANCE. I AM UNDER  
FIRM INSTRUCTION.


MY NEURISTOR HOUSING IS  
SEALED. I ADVISE AGAINST  
ATTEMPTING ACCESS TO  
INTERFERE WITH MY  
PROGRAMMING.



STRIKE HARD,  
LITTLE BROTHER.





A black and white comic panel showing a spaceship flying from left to right. The ship is sleek and pointed. Several bright, star-like explosions or energy bursts trail behind it. A speech bubble points to the ship.

VESSEL ON COURSE AT  
FULL WARP ON GYROHYPE  
DRIVE.

A black and white comic panel showing a woman with long, straight hair in the foreground, looking out of a spaceship window. Outside the window is a dense ring of asteroids. A speech bubble points to the asteroids. The interior of the cockpit is visible with various control panels.

HELPLESS, BUT  
CONSCIOUS, CINNIBAR  
BECAME AWARE OF  
DECELERATION.

ASTEROID RING. ONE OF  
THE FRINGE SYSTEMS.







MOBILITY RETURNED TO THE TRAVELLERS.

MY TASK IS  
NOW DONE!

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE  
UNTIL I'VE LEARNED WHO OR  
WHAT HAD US BROUGHT  
HERE AND FOR WHY.

DISEMBARKATION  
SLEEVE IN  
POSITION. THE  
VESSEL HAS  
ATMOSPHERE  
SUITED TO YOUR  
LIFE-SUPPORT.

I KNOW I'VE SEEN  
THIS SHIP  
SOMEWHERE  
BEFORE.

CINNIBAR AND RULF PROWLED  
THE CAVERNOUS SILENCE OF THE  
GREAT VESSEL.

BIG SISTER, I HAVE THIS  
FEELING WE ARE NOT  
ALONE.

SO DO I.












NOW I KNOW WHY THIS VESSEL HAS SUCH A FAMILIAR LOOK. IT IS THE OLD STARSHIP THAT BAZWUN WAS BUILT ABOUT AND WHICH VIVANNA ACTIVATED FOR HER ESCAPE.



A CHANGE CAME OVER WAXEN FEATURES...

AYEE! SHE BECOMES DUST.



NO! YOU SHOULD NOT DISTURB THE DEAD.

IS SHE TRULY DEAD? I MUST BE SURE.

A VACUUM PRESERVED HER — THE AIR TURNS HER TO DUST.

GREETINGS, YOU WHO  
DISTURB MY LAST SLEEP.

HER VOICE?



I, VIVANNA OF BABALON, GREET  
YOU, WHOEVER YOU MAY BE. I  
ASK ONE SMALL FAVOUR. HAVE  
MY REMAINS TAKEN TO MY  
HOME PLANET THAT I MAY FIND  
PEACE IN THE RITE OF FIRE. MY  
THANKS TO YOU. FAREWELL.



THE VIDSCREEN  
BLANKED OUT.




A PLEA FROM  
THE DEAD.



WHICH WE MUST HONOUR,  
EVIL AS SHE WAS, SHE WAS  
OF BABALON AND ENTITLED  
TO THE LAST RITE.





HER ATTENDANTS! SO IT  
WAS THEY WHO THREW THE  
FIREBALL.

FAITHFUL TO  
THE END.



THEY MAY AS WELL  
COME ALONG — POOR  
MUTE CREATURES.



SO VIVANNA IS NO MORE.  
THE WULFRAL LOSES A  
SISTER, BUT GAINS PEACE  
OF MIND.

FULL WARPSHIFT FAR ABOVE THE SPEED  
OF LIGHT, THEN DECELERATION.

CLEARANCE IS REQUIRED  
TO PREVENT DESTRUCTION  
ON ENTERING THE  
SECURITY FIRE ZONE.

PUT ME THROUGH  
TO THE WULFRAL.





THE LADY VIVANNA CAME HOME.



VIVANNA'S BODY WAS CONSIGNED TO THE ALTER IN THE RITE OF FIRE.

THIS IS THE PARTING FROM MY  
SISTER, A CHILD OF THE ROYAL  
LINE. I BID HER FAREWELL.



FAREWELL!



CINNIBAR AND RULF RETURNED ABOARD SHIP.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE US  
TO FREKESVILLE.

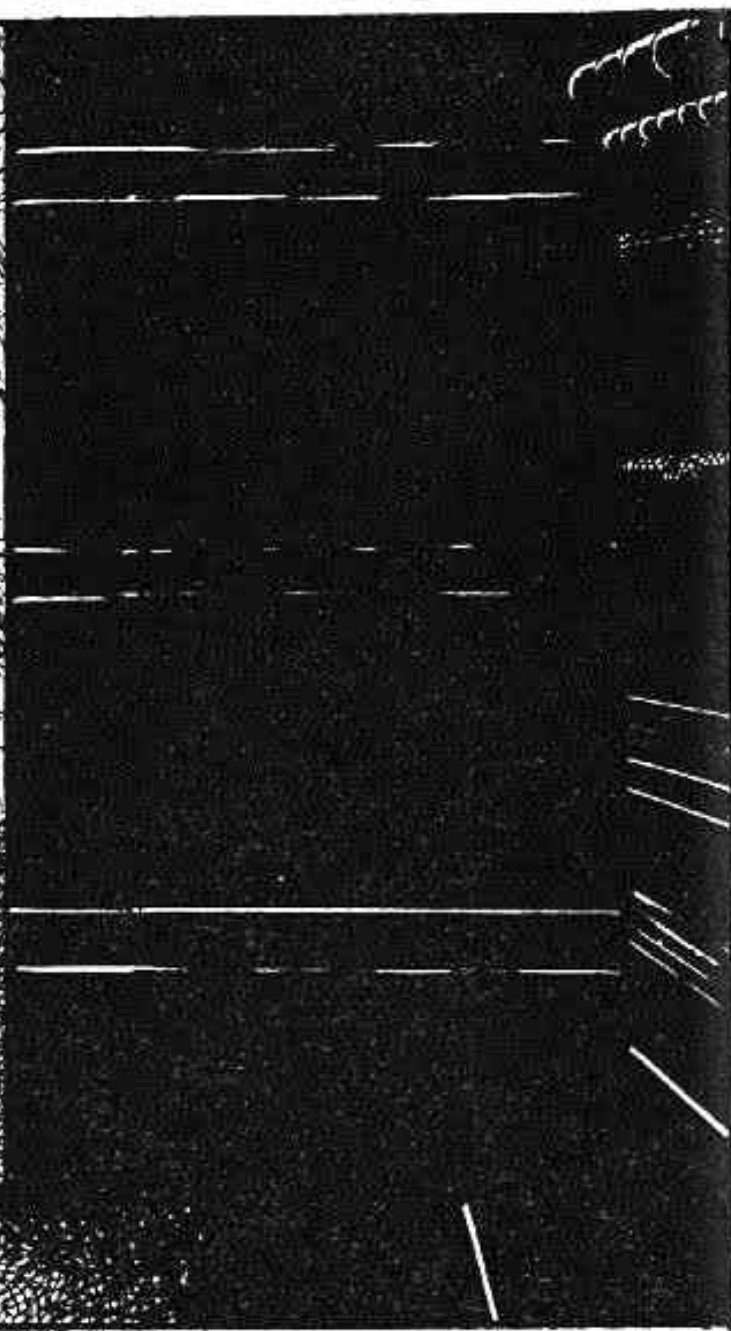
UNABLE TO COMPLY. I AM  
ALREADY UNDER ORDERS.

THIS CHANGES  
NOTHING, LADY  
CINNIBAR. YOU STAY  
BANISHED UNLESS YOU  
GIVE THE OATH OF  
OBEDIENCE.

THAT I WILL  
NEVER DO.

AHHH! I  
BECOME WEAK.

SEDATION AGAIN!  
WHY? WHY?










I AWAIT YOUR COMMAND  
TO TAKE-OFF.

PROCEED — AND  
PATCH ME THROUGH  
ON THAT SCRAMBLE-  
FREQUENCY I GAVE  
YOU.



THERE GO YOUR  
COUSINS, WULFRAL.

I SHALL MISS THEM,  
BUT THERE WILL BE NO  
PLACE ON MY NEW  
BABALON FOR SUCH  
BARBARIANS OF THE  
OLD SCHOOL.



FIRST STAGE IS  
COMPLETED, GRAKEL.  
BE READY TO ENTER  
THE FIRE ZONE IN ONE  
STANDARD HOUR.

WE SHALL AWAIT  
YOUR CALL, LADY.







WE NEAR MOON-TWO.

ENTER THE DOCKING PORTAL.  
THERE SHOULD BE NO  
CHALLENGE AS WE COME  
FROM THE FRIENDLY SIDE OF  
THE SECURITY ZONE.





VIVANNA UNDERWENT A  
CHANGE OF CLOTHING—



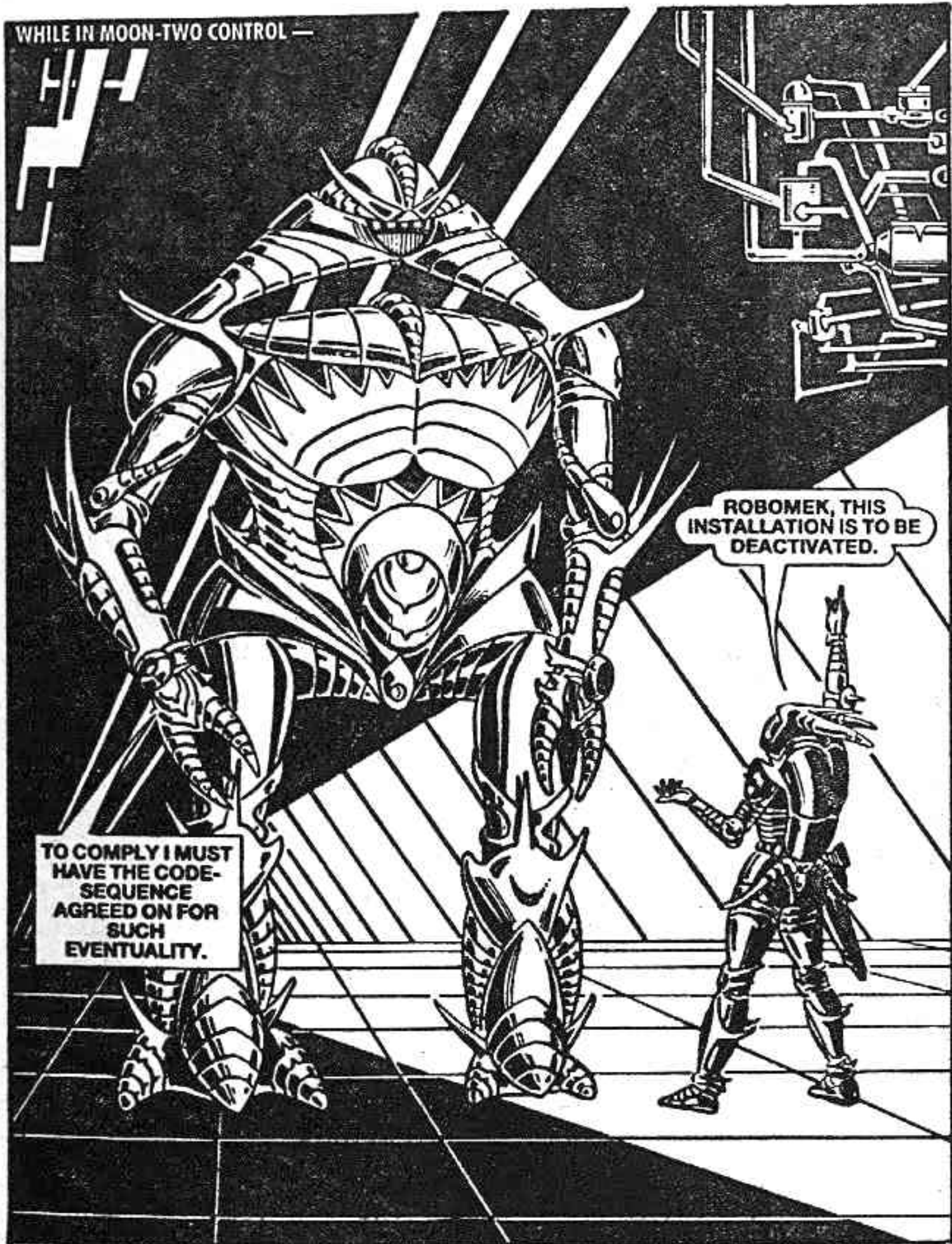




WHILE IN MOON-TWO CONTROL —

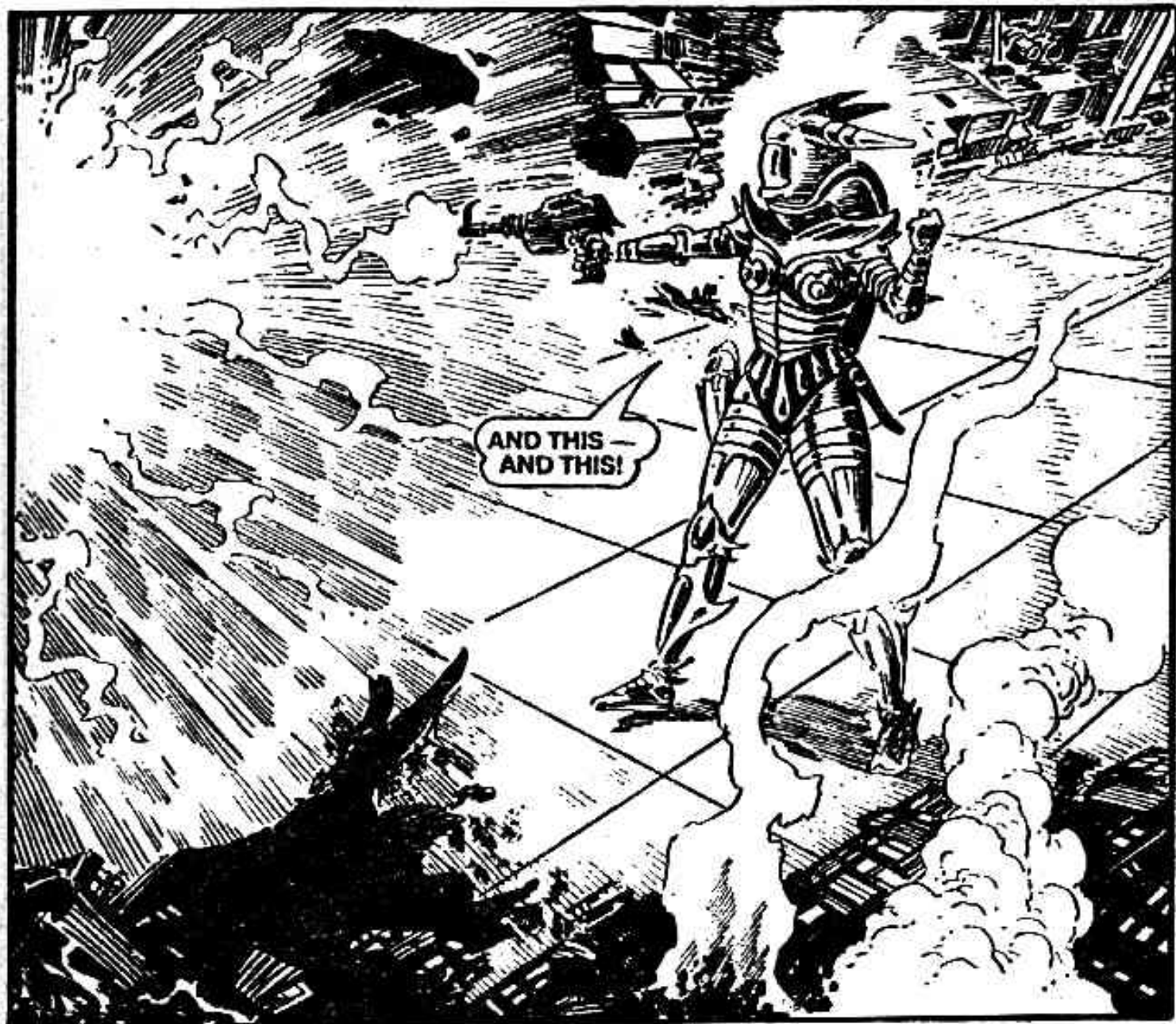
TO COMPLY I MUST  
HAVE THE CODE-  
SEQUENCE  
AGREED ON FOR  
SUCH  
EVENTUALITY.

ROBOMEK, THIS  
INSTALLATION IS TO BE  
DEACTIVATED.









**VIVANNA RETURNED.**



DEAR COUSINS, I AM  
ABOUT TO LEAVE YOU!  
I'M OFF TO BABALON,  
FAREWELL.



THE SHIP'S SHUTTLE WAS SLIPPED.

ONE DETAIL I MAY HAVE  
OMITTED TO MENTION,  
COUSINS — YOUR  
VESSEL IS UNDER  
DIRECTION TO SELF-  
DESTRUCT IN THE SUN.  
ACCEPT THIS AS  
EVIDENCE OF MY WARM  
REGARD FOR YOU.



LITTLE BROTHER, WE MUST  
BE FREE. HAVE YOU YET  
FULL USE OF THOSE  
CLUMPS OF MUSCLE?

WHAT — ER, YES, I MOVE. ONE  
MOMENT WHILE I DRAW  
BREATH — AHHHHHHHHHHH!







UNDocking EFFECTED.  
I SHALL NOW PROCEED  
SUNWARD FOR  
PURPOSE OF SELF-  
DESTRUCTION. I TRUST  
YOU HAVE A PLEASANT  
VOYAGE.







YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO OBSERVE THE APPROACH ON PASSING COURSE OF TWO VESSELS DECELERATING TO SUBLIGHT MODE.



INCOMING INVADERS PASSED THE OUTGOING SHIP.


FRINGE RABBLE ABOUT  
TO DESCEND ON MY  
BABALON. I MUST  
THINK.




I AM NOW  
ACCELERATING FROM  
SUBLIGHT TO  
GYROHYPE DRIVE. THIS  
WILL PRODUCE  
INTERESTING EFFECTS  
ON EXTERIOR LIGHT.

THINK!  
THINK!





IMPACT WILL BE IN FIFTEEN  
MINUTES. MELTDOWN WILL  
COMMENCE SEVERAL  
MINUTES EARLIER.




SHIP, IS NOT YOUR FIRST DUTY  
THE KEEPING FROM HARM OF  
ANY SAPIENT LIFE-FORM IN YOUR  
TRUST? YET IN SELF-  
DESTRUCTING WILL YOU NOT BE  
DESTROYING TWO SUCH BEINGS?

I AM UNDER INSTRUCTION TO  
IGNORE SUCH ARGUMENT.  
HOWEVER, THERE IS A CERTAIN  
CONFLICT IN MY  
PROGRAMMING CAUSING MY  
NEURISTORS TO OVERHEAT.



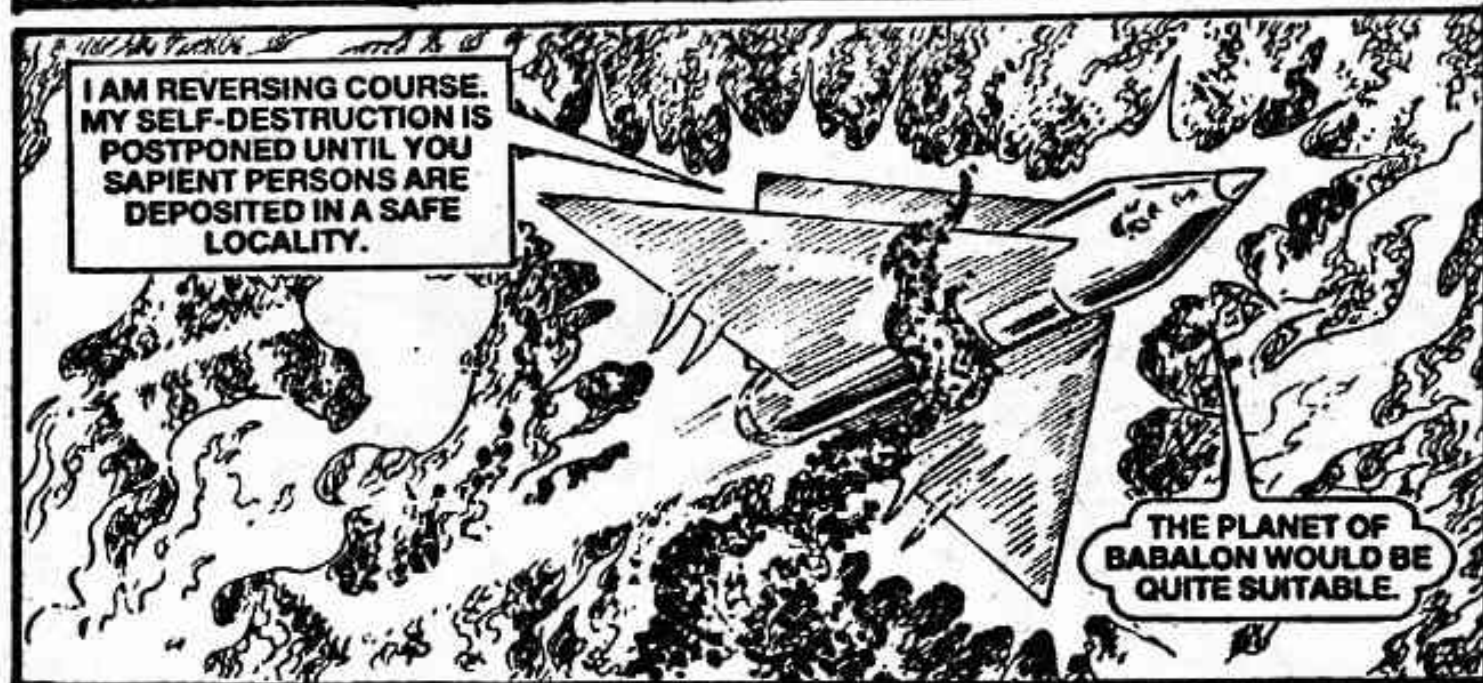
THERE COULD BE A COOLING  
SOLUTION. LAND MY COMPANION  
AND MYSELF IN A PLACE OF SAFETY  
BEFORE UNDERTAKING YOUR SELF-  
DESTRUCTION.



YOUR SUGGESTION HAS  
SOUND LOGIC. I CAN FULFIL  
MY FIRST DUTY BEFORE  
CARRYING OUT MY FIRM  
INSTRUCTION.

I AM SO GLAD YOU AGREE.  
PERHAPS I SHOULD  
MENTION IT IS GETTING  
WARM IN HERE.





WHILE OVER THE CURVE OF THE HORIZON ...



... AND OUT IN SPACE.



SAPIENT PERSONS, YOU  
MAY ADVISE ON LANDING  
SITE.





THE SHIP SCANNED WITH LONG RANGE MAGNIFICATION.

BAZWUNI SEEMINGLY SUITED TO YOUR LIFE-TYPES.

SO IT DOES, BUT LET'S TRY A SWEEP OF THE LOCALITY.

I DETECT ANOTHER AREA OF SUITABILITY EVIDENCED BY USE AS A LANDING SITE BY OTHER VESSELS.

PAN IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.













DOWN THERE WOULD  
BE A GOOD SPOT FOR  
YOUR SELF-  
DESTRUCTION.

THAT DOES NOT COMPUTE.  
DOWN THERE ARE SAPIENT  
BEINGS WHICH MY FIRST  
LAW FORBIDS ME TO HARM.

CINNIBAR AND RULF  
JETPACKED OUT.



WHAT IF THOSE BEINGS  
ARE HERE TO DESTROY  
LIFE? WHAT IF YOU  
COULD SAVE MANY  
MORE LIVES BY TAKING  
THE LIVES OF THOSE  
WHO WOULD KILL?



I LEAVE THIS SHIP TO ITS  
HEADACHE BEFORE ALL  
THIS THINKING GIVES ME  
ONE.

I MUST  
DEDUCE!  
SAPIENT  
PERSON,  
YOU HAVE  
GIVEN ME  
WHAT IS  
KNOWN IN  
BIONIC  
TERMS AS A  
HEADACHE.





THE SHIP GOES UP,  
BIG SISTER.

SO I FAILED. MY  
LOGIC  
OBVIOUSLY IS  
FLAWED.



SHIP GONE AFTER TWO  
HOMINID BEINGS LEFT  
BY JETPACK — SAME  
TWO WHO TOOK LADY  
VIVANNA FROM OLD  
STARSHIP.

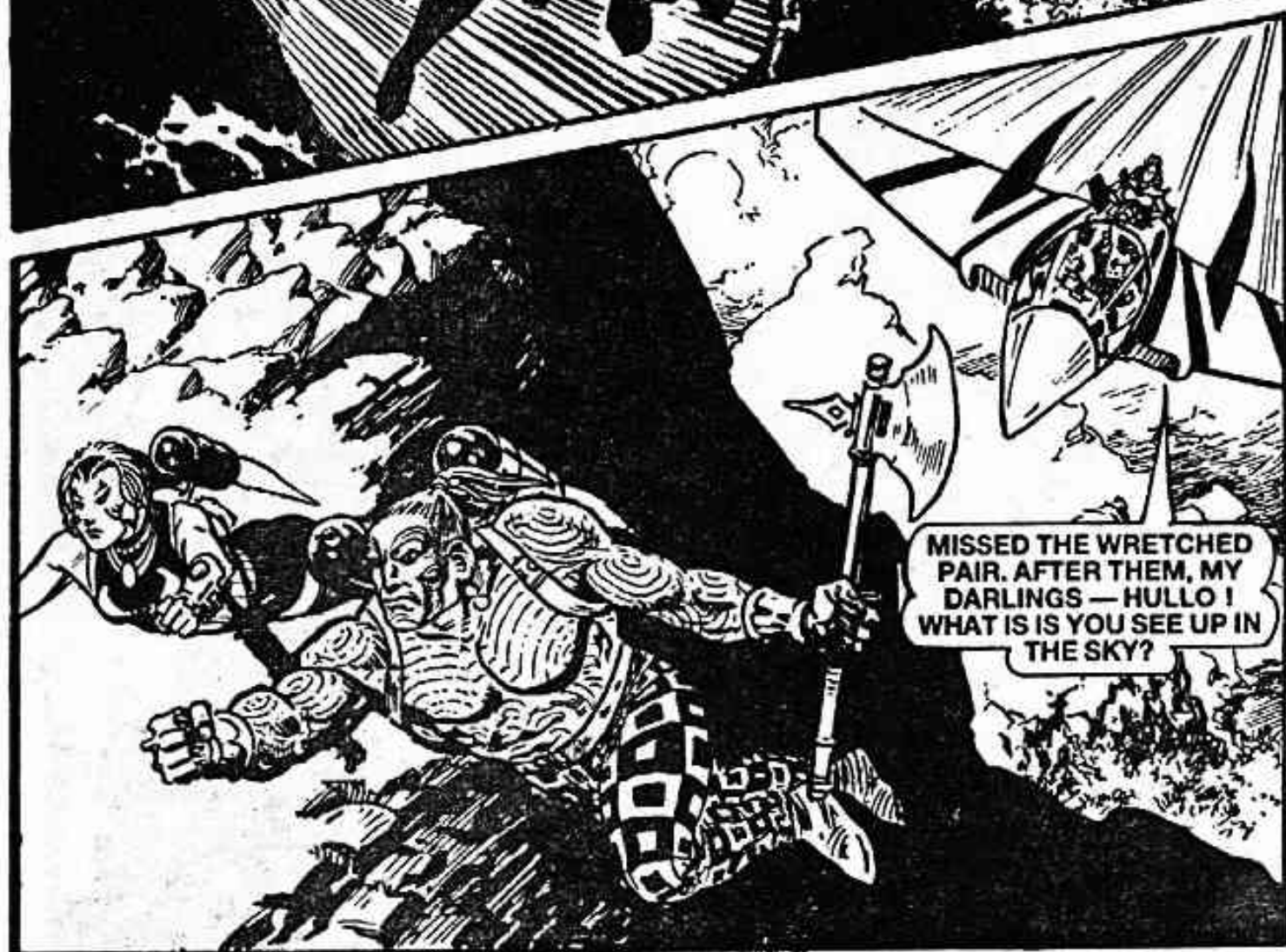
THOSE TWO! THIS MATTER  
REQUIRES MY PERSONAL  
ATTENTION.

THE BACKPACKERS SCOUTED THE PERIMETER OF THE LANDING SITE.

MANY WAR MACHINES AND  
ROBOT WARMEKS, A  
HORDE OF ANTI-SOCIAL  
RABBLE, A —



BIG SISTER, EXCUSE ME  
INTERRUPTING, BUT I THINK  
WE SHOULD MOVE.





THE SHIP WAS BACK.


LOGIC COMPUTES.  
HIGHER ALTITUDE  
NECESSARY FOR FULL-  
THRUST DESCENT TO  
ENSURE COMPLETE  
SELF-DESTRUCTION.

MISSION  
COMPLETED.

KRUMPI!

WAVES OF BLAST SWEEP OVER THE LAND.

MY ARMY! MY  
MACHINES!  
AYEEEEEEEEEE!




BOTH SHIPS  
DESTROYED, LADY.  
HEAVY LOSS IN  
MACHINES AND  
PERSONNEL.

THEN WE MUST MAKE USE  
OF WHAT IS LEFT. A SWIFT  
STRIKE AT BAZWUN CAN  
STILL BRING US VICTORY.




CERTAIN HAPPENINGS HAD NOT GONE  
UNNOTICED AT BAZWUN.

AERIAL ACTIVITY, A  
GREAT EXPLOSION,  
NOW MOVEMENT OUT  
ON THE PLAIN.  
WULFRAL, DO YOU NOT  
GET THE FEELING THAT  
SOMETHING IS GOING  
ON?



MY LORD PERAL, THE  
TROUBLE WITH YOU  
OLD SOLDIERS IS YOU  
ARE ALWAYS  
EXPECTING TROUBLE.



THERE COULD BE A QUITE  
SIMPLE — **AHHHHH!**

**BOOM!**











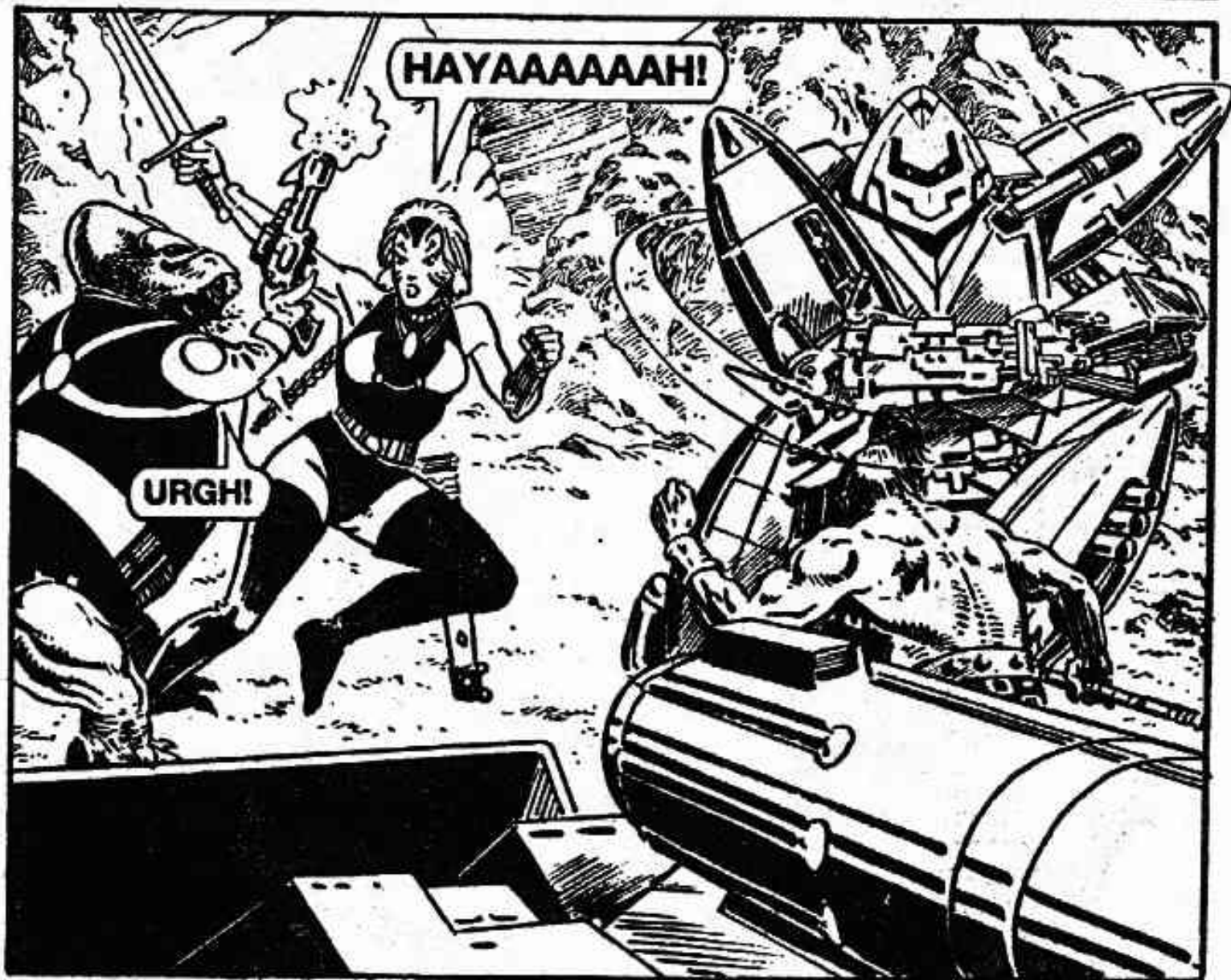
CINNIBAR AND RULF HAD  
TAILED THE INVADING  
FORCE.

BIG SISTER,  
CAN WE JOIN IN?

WE CAN. NOW I KNOW  
WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

HAYAAAAAAH!

URGH!









THE WULFRAL TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION—

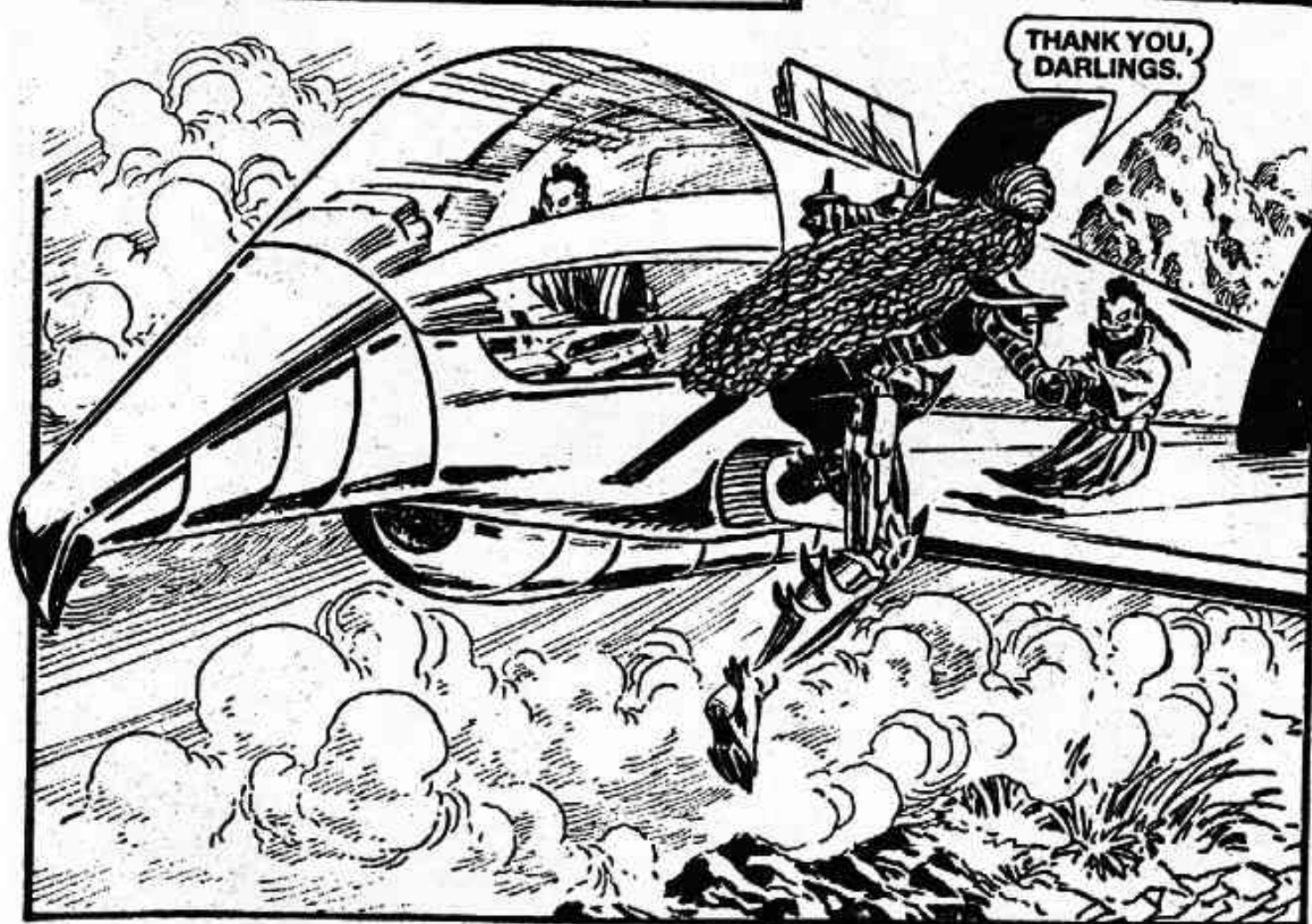
**CHAR-R-R-RGE!**



HOW DARE YOU FLEE? HALT, YOU SCUM. STAND AND FIGHT.









A SUBLIGHT SHUTTLE  
SUITED ONLY TO INNER  
SPACE. MY SISTER WILL BE  
SOON FOUND.

IT NEVER PAYS TO BE SURE  
WITH THE LADY VIVANNA. I  
FEAR WE HAVE NOT HEARD  
THE LAST OF HER.



**DON'T  
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE**

# STARBLAZER

**32p**



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**A CARTER STORY**

**NOW ON SALE**

## BANISHED FROM BABALON

At first glance  
the cousins  
Cinnibar and  
Vivanna are so  
alike. Both are  
great beauties . . .  
strong-willed and  
of noble birth.

But there the  
similarities end.  
Cinnibar's belief  
in the traditions  
of honour and  
chivalry cost her  
dear . . .  
banishment from  
Babalon.

Which is  
unfortunate . . .  
for the she-  
warrior Cinnibar  
is the only one  
who can stop the  
treacherous and  
scheming  
Vivanna from  
plundering the  
planet.

